

Miller & Rhoads.

Miller & Rhoads.

Men's Soft Shirts, 50c. and \$1.00.

They're good enough values at this price to purchase to-day, wear the balance of the summer and then have first-class garments to start with next season.

Good, honestly made Shirts for the money—the best, in fact, that we could get. All new and pretty patterns.

Men's Open-Work Black

Our 39c Hosiery for

Women is Worth 50c.

Lace Hose, 25c a Pair.

You'll notice that these Hose have full tops—that is the lace work extends all the way up. You don't usually find it that way in 25c Hose—but this lot is practically all 50c values. Scan them carefully to-day.

It will certainly pay the woman that's looking for good Hosiery to invest in our All-over Lace Stockings at 50c.

The dye is the best that's made—Hermol's—and the fit and wear of the Hosiery we know will satisfy you. Not a pair in the lot but what is worth half a dollar—some of it sold for that—the rest came to us low enough to sell for 39c.

Miller & Rhoads

Social and Personal

Recently there has been organized in Alexandria, Va., the "Society for the Restoration of Historic Alexandria." The objects of this society, as set forth in the constitution, are "to mark, restore and preserve places of historic interest in Alexandria, particularly the Carlyle house; to encourage historical research in relation to the city of Alexandria, and to celebrate, as in times past, the birthday of George Washington."

No city is more intimately associated with the daily life of General Washington than Alexandria, and it is midway between Washington and Mount Vernon. To restore and preserve those relics connected with the life of Washington is the work now undertaken by this society, which finds itself so rich in opportunities, though not in money.

The Carlyle house, situated at the corner of Cameron and Fairfax Street, has been selected as the first object of interest to be restored. It was built by John Carlyle, a planter who was active in the Revolution. Here Braddock summoned young Washington to his death, was a frequent and welcome guest, "Lafayette at the Carlyles" being repeatedly found in his diary.

The Board of Managers for the society includes Mrs. Eleanor S. Washington, president; Mrs. Henry M. Burke, Howard, corresponding secretary; Miss Nannie Burwell Norton, treasurer; Miss Helen Norris Cummings, historian; Miss Helen Powell Brooks, Mrs. Nicholas P. Burke, Miss Mary E. Carlin, Miss Frances Scott Herbert, Mr. George R. Hill, Mr. Koscusko Kemper, Mr. Lewis H. Machen, Mr. John R. Zimmerman.

The board of trustees of the society and to have a large membership from among those who are interested in all that relates to the preservation of Virginia history.

Miss Nellie Gray, who returned to Richmond from the Eastern States last week, is now enjoying the pleasures afforded by a camping party, where she is the guest of her friends, Misses Bessie Carter, of Prospect, Miss Louise Tipton, of Norfolk, Miss Mary Martin, and Miss Mary Paulett, of Farmville, Messrs. Clyde Dunall, Landan Hamlet, Howell Richardson, and R. Boy. The party is expected to return to Richmond on the 20th inst.

The objective point where the tents will be struck is Trenton Mills. Here a creek will be used for fishing, and all kinds of outdoor fun.

Dr. Archibald Fauntleroy, the son of Mrs. A. M. Fauntleroy, of Staunton, and a young Virginia who is rapidly making a name for himself as surgeon in the United States navy, has been given most complimentary notice in the current issue of Leslie's Weekly.

The article is headed "Handling the Wounded on Warships," and an invocation of Dr. Fauntleroy's for moving sick or wounded sailors, called "The Fauntleroy Plan," is shown to fine advantage. The plan is in use on a number of ships and the young inventor has received high commendation from the Secretary of the Navy.

Mrs. Mary V. Sile and Mr. Herbert C. Stone were married at 9 P. M. Thursday evening, in the home of the bride, No. 53 South Pine Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Hutson, of Pine-Street Baptist Church.

The music was directed by Miss Laura C. Stone. Misses Sile and Stone were both of honor and Mr. Samuel G. Stone best man. Other attendants included Mr. James G. Stone, Mr. William E. Stone, and Mr. and Mrs. Stone will make their home at No. 47 North Eighth Street.

Mr. T. Garrett Tabb has been a guest during the week at a house party now in progress at the hospitable home of Mr. Joseph Stebbins, of South Euston, Va.

A feature of the house party was a garden fete given by Miss Stebbins. The lawn was beautifully decorated and the music added to the pleasure of the occasion. Miss Hallie Dickinson, of this city, was among the out-of-town guests present.

Misses Evelyn Wilde and Emily Jennings will leave for Crozet, where they will spend the remainder of August at the delightful Wayland Cottage.

Mr. John Werth, whose marriage to Miss Harrison at Holy Trinity Church, this afternoon, is an event in which many people in and out of Richmond are interested, has just received news of his

appointment as inspector at the League Island navy yard, Philadelphia.

There were many applications for the position conferred on Mr. Werth. The fact that he was successful in his examinations and won in the face of sharp competition is a source of sincere gratification to his many relatives and friends.

Miss Rebecca Walker, the daughter of Mrs. Charles C. Walker, is spending some time at the Jefferson Park Hotel with her grandmother, Mrs. R. B. Shuck, and her mother, Mrs. J. B. Shuck, who are visiting here at this pleasant summer resort.

Miss Maxie Doyle is sponsor for the J. E. B. Stuart Camp, Sons of Veterans, at the approaching Confederate reunion, and not of Magruder Camp of Veterans, as was incorrectly stated.

Miss Ellen B. J. Pollard is the guest of Mrs. W. L. Cooke in Newport News.

Mr. J. T. Southward and Master Clarence Southward are spending the summer at Ruth Glen.

Mr. E. P. Wright, Miss Elsie Wright and Miss Bessie Coghill, of Milford, Va., are spending some time at Virginia Beach.

Mrs. William A. Jackson and Miss Mattie Waring are guests of friends at "Lansdown," Va.

Mrs. J. N. Willis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Cralle, of Farmville, Va.

Miss Florence Tyler left several days ago with a party of friends, who will make an extended tour of Canada.

Colonel and Mrs. George W. Abbitt have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Helen Lavett Abbitt, to Mr. Mark Bernard, of Richmond. The marriage will take place at the bride's home, near Bent Creek, next Tuesday morning.

Miss Julia Thurston, the author of that popular book, "The Girl of Virginia," is visiting friends in Charlottesville, Va.

The Misses Schutt of this city, are spending some time with friends at Liberty Camp, Buckrook Beach.

Miss Maggie Spralley is a guest at the home of Colonel C. M. Walker in Farmville.

Mrs. Eva Smith and mother are spending some time with Mr. Lee Leber, of "Oak Grove," Va.

Miss Roberta Edmondson, who has been the guest of friends in Richmond, has returned to her home at Houston, Va.

Miss Clifton, of the Old Dominion Hospital, is visiting Mrs. B. W. Crump in Newport News.

Miss Essie Phillips, the daughter of General A. J. Phillips, of the city, is visiting her friends, Misses Pettis, also of Richmond, and Miss Fannie Peole, of Portsmouth. She will spend some time during August with her mother, Mrs. Louis Peare, of Farmville.

Mrs. A. J. Stubbs is back at home after a visit to friends at Hampton and Old Point.

Commonwealth's Attorney D. C. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson left yesterday afternoon for Atlantic City. They will spend the famous resort until about September 10th.

CENTRAL CAROLINA FAIR

Programme Announced, With Attractive List of Premiums.

The programme of races for the Central Carolina Fair, to be held at Greensboro, October 13th to 16th inclusive, has been received. Entries for these races will close October 5th at 11 P. M., except for runners, and for these on October 10th at 11 P. M.

The Association will pay fifty dollars extra to the owner of any horse lowering the track record for trotting and pacing of 2:15.

Further particulars as to entries and conditions can be had by addressing Secretary John L. King, Greensboro, N. C.

NEGRO CONVENTIONS

Two of Them to Be Held Here Next Week.

Two large negro conventions will be held here during next week—the Grand Camp of Spanish War Veterans and the Grand Council of the Independent Order of F. O. O. F.

The first-named organization will meet Monday at the Colored League Hall. This will be the second annual session of the Grand Camp, which is composed of camps from nearly every city in the State. The officers of the Grand Camp are: J. N. Collins, commander; J. M. Byrnes, adjutant; local officers: J. M. Anderson, adjutant; and George W. Powell, captain.

The Order of St. Luke will begin its session on Tuesday in their new hall, located at the corner of 14th and 15th Streets, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, West Virginia and Virginia. Arrangements are being made for the entertainment of about six hundred delegates and visitors.

BURNETT'S EXTRACT OF VANILLA

Imparts a superior delicacy of flavor, try it, use it, see.

Name.....

Address.....

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York. When ordering please do not fail to mention number.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

There was a clown who owned a pig that he had taught to do a great many tricks, and they used to perform together in the circus. Of course, the ideas were originally the clown's, but the pig did not understand it that way, and he thought that he was the whole show.

One day he said to the clown: "I want you to give me a year's vacation."

"What for?" asked the clown in surprise.

"So I can go back to Pigtown and tell all my friends and relatives what a wonderful fellow I am," answered the pig. "That's not a good enough reason."

"The pig's answer," "I can't give you a vacation for that."

"Then I shall not do any more tricks for you, declared the pig."

"Very well," said the clown. "I shall get another pig and teach him the tricks."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the pig. "While HE THOUGHT HE WAS THE WHOLE SHOW."



SHOW.

"You are teaching him the tricks I shall have the vacation I want," and he laughed out merrily.

"Yes," replied the clown, when the pig stopped laughing. "You will have the vacation, and I will be a longer one than you may think I shall never ask you to do any more of your funny tricks. You will never have to work again."

"I mean that if you will not help me in the circus you will no longer be of any service to me, and I know of nothing to do with you than to kill you and eat you."

The poor little pig shook and shivered all over.

"Oh, please don't do that, Mr. Clown," he cried. "I don't believe I care for any vacation. Indeed, I don't."

"Very well," replied the clown. "As long as you have come to your senses, I will teach you a few more tricks and keep you with me in the circus. But I don't want you to forget this lesson. As long as you have a good home and are treated right, be contented with your position, and when you are old and tired, show your friends what a wonder you are."

ARE STRIVING TO

BANISH ELECTROLYSIS

The work of tearing up the street railway tracks at Seventh and Main Streets was begun yesterday, with the view to removing the same, to prevent electrolysis at that point.

The work is being done under the supervision of Mr. Richmond, an electrolysis expert, who, with several assistants, is daily testing the tracks, fire-plugs and gas pipes all over the city for leakages of current.

A new sub-station, with a gauge, has been put in at Seventh and Main, and the electrolysis action has been relieved thereby.

Mr. Richmond is doing the work for the Passenger and Power Company.

Gone to Sussex.

Captain J. H. O'Bannon, State Superintendent of Public Printing, left yesterday afternoon for Sussex county, where he will spend a few days resting.

Mrs. O'Bannon has been in Sussex for some time, visiting friends in that county.

DAILY FASHION HINTS

GIRL'S FROCK.

A simple little frock, yet trim in appearance, that is subject to many variations in the manner of trimming, is pictured here in white plique. The long body blouses all around and has a prettily shaped bertha extending to the waist line in front. The sleeve is made with pointed cuff and the skirt is a full gathered one. A sash, which is tied in big bow in back, conceals the joining of the body and gathered skirt. The bertha and cuffs may be ornamented by French knots or small buttoned buttons, and may be edged by a ruffle, or the outer edge machine stitched or embroidered with a scalloped edge. This is a particularly suitable style for plique and linen, although nainsook, lawn or dimity might be satisfactorily employed in the making.

The old negro joined the group of younger men, and told them the story. Soon there was deep excitement, then muttered exclamations of surprise and anger as he continued, and finally a great clamor, and a rush to where Jennings stood.

"We go with you, Ma'r. We help get der lady," they shouted, as they crowded about him.

It was quite useless to think of going without them after the demonstration, and therefore it was decided that they should form part of the expedition which was to start upon the following morning at daybreak.

I will give you half a dozen men, and their arms, and bring Green to terms," said Colchester, as they consulted together in the latter's cabin.

"Thank you, captain, I think that that number, with the black men to surround the place, should be sufficient. I do not suppose that it is necessary to notify the police," he said, looking across the room at the governor-general.

"Hardly," replied that person, with a smile. "Speed is your object, and with no delay, I will be your witness that you could not wait to go through any of the formalities."

Ralph rose to light a cigar, and as he did so his thin cotton sleeve caught in a projecting hook on the bulkhead next him, ripping it almost off and exposing the bare flesh. As he turned to look at the damage, a light from the cabin lamp fell full upon it, and Sir Thomas, who had risen at the accident, gave a start, uttering a cry of surprise at the same time.

Pardon me, Mr. Jennings," he said, looking from the arm to the young man's bandaged flesh. "But you have an odd mark on your arm. I speak of it because I never saw but one like it before."

Ralph's face, even under the bandages, turned pale, but he controlled himself with an effort as he said, "Sir Thomas?"

"And where was that, Sir Thomas?"

"It was on the arm of my eldest son, Ralph," was the reply, in a broken voice. "When I sent him from home because of a false accusation, brought about by a lying letter, Tell me, Mr. Jennings,"

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Name.....

Address.....

WHAT'S IN A NAME? A West Indian Romance.

By PHILIP LITTLE—Copyright by Author.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The great white ship lay at anchor in Morant Bay. It was here, or near here, that Ralph knew of a rendezvous that it was possible that Green might have taken the women to, though now that Cunningham was dead all plans might have been changed.

It was useless to land upon their arrival, as it was after sunset that the cruiser passed the point that Ralph had indicated. The delay at the schooner, and the fact that while the young man knew the spot by name, he naturally was not acquainted with its approach, had by sea, necessitated waiting for a pilot.

When that individual came on board he was closely questioned.

"Have you seen or heard of an open boat with two men in it and two women, one white and the other brown, coming into this bay to-day?" asked the officer of the deck.

"No, sah, I not heard anything. But I been up de coas' sah. Boat might come in, sah, ah, I not hear ob it. Dat quite easy, sah."

"We came to anchor?" continued the officer.

"O, plenty boats, sah! Dey brings ob bananas an' coconuts an' all sorts ob tines, sah, O, yes, sah, dey be plenty bats, sah."

And he was right, for the man-of-war's anchor had hardly struck the water before a fleet of boats was seen through the fast thickening gloom, making their way to the ship.

None of them had seen any boat, or at least none would own to it, till one aged negro, hearing the officers call Ralph by name, approached him and bowed profoundly.

"Die Ma'r Jennings, Ma'r's Montague's oberseer?" he asked, looking questioning at the bandaged face of the young man.

"Yes, my man," said the other, forgetting his disguise: "can you not see for yourself?" And then, suddenly becoming conscious of the bandage, he laughed. "No, of course, you could not. But where is Ma'r's Jennings? I have been hurt Who are you?"

"My name, Campbell, sah, I work on der plantation, sah, down at der south-west end. I hab little son dat Missy Kate take care of."

"Ah, yes; I have heard of you? Well, what do you want?"

"Step one side, sah. He watched the others out of the corner of his eye. 'Dat boat come in here dis mawnin', sah."

"She did?" cried Ralph in an excited voice. "Who was in her, Campbell. For the love of God, tell me, man."

"I see Jim Gooch, an' one older man. I don't see any other, sah."

Ralph grew pale.

"Are you sure?" he asked, and his voice sounded dry and far away.

"Yes, sah, I quite shure. She pass purr close, when I was fishin', an' I tink dat I could see."

"Where did she come from?" asked the young man.

"She come from 'round 'at point der, sah," his skinny finger indicating the headland to the south-west.

"How far does Green, live from Mahogany Patch, the place where they used to run their schooner into? Do you know?"

"Yes, sah, I know well. It is on a hill, back about a mile."

"Is it hard to get there?"

"No, sah, it not hard."

"Then, I'll go and find out where she is, or I'll strangle that fellow, that's all."

"Who is it, sah, dat you looking for?" asked the old man, gazing up at him with blinking eyes.

"Miss Kate Montague, Campbell."

"Missy Kate? What you mean, sah? Ah, she wid you? I was tol' dat you gone to get her, sah!"

"I did, Campbell, but these scoundrels, that is, Cunningham, who used to be overseas before I came—you remember him, I suppose?"

"Deed I do, sah! An' I hate him, too."

"Well, he was on board the schooner that Green owned. He ran into us a few nights ago, fired shot dead on the engine room and blew up the boiler, killing the engineer and firemen, beside two more of our men. He knocked down the captain and myself as we came on deck, and took Miss Montague and Minnie Burton on his schooner. Then he suppose to the schooner, and leaving us for dead, he sailed away. We were rescued by a United States ship and then transferred to this vessel. We ran into the Mongoes with both masts gone, Cunningham and two of her men dead on the deck. I found part of a letter from Miss Kate in the cabin, which said that they were coming to this island. She must have been interrupted before she could finish it. We followed here, as I knew that Green used to land his vessel into Mahogany Patch at times."

The old man, who had listened intently to the story, raised his clenched fist on high.

"Jus' you let me tell dose people, sah, an' all hands go after him. He no more der der lady," they shouted, as they crowded about him.

The old negro joined the group of younger men, and told them the story. Soon there was deep excitement, then muttered exclamations of surprise and anger as he continued, and finally a great clamor, and a rush to where Jennings stood.

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said the older man, visibly affected, "how did you happen to have such a mark, the identical shape, in the very identical place, that my dear, though misjudged, son was tattooed?"

Ralph's face twitched beneath the strips of cotton that bound it. For an instant he hesitated, and then, in a voice trembling with emotion, he said:

"Can you not guess, Sir Thomas?"

"You are not—my God!" exclaimed the Governor, much moved now, "you are not Ralph Seymour? You are not my son? Good God, can it be possible?"

Ralph came quickly around the table. "Yes, sir, it is now in prison. I am because you falsely accused me of having an affair with a young woman on the old place at home. I told you that it was false, but you said that you had proof, and that I had disgraced the name of Seymour. If I had done as you supposed that I had, it would have been true, but as I had not, I preferred to leave and make my own way."

"Ah, Ralph," said his father, putting his arms around him, "I have to ask your pardon, my boy. The girl herself came to me and told me that she had never even spoken with you. It was some scheme of that rascal of a Higgins, who I have advertised for you. He went to Mary Morgan to get her aid in pushing the matter, but after listening to him and making an appointment to meet him later, she came direct to me with the whole story. I must stop with him and have put detectives upon your track, but all without avail. Tell me, my son, what are you going to do with yourself? You will come home with us, now, will you not? I am only one of the best of fathers, and I must stop with him. Sir Richard Venable. When I go back will you not go with me?"

The old man gazed fondly at his son as he spoke.

"The will have to wait, father," was the quiet response. "I must find Miss Montague, if she be alive; if not—his voice choked—"if not, I must go to her father. I must go to him anyway, but in the latter case I must stop with him. Then I will cheerfully leave this island, and never see it again. But—here his face took on quite a different expression— if she be alive, she, and she alone, can decide what I will do."

"Ah, is it so?" asked his father.

"Yes, sir, it is so. What she says in the matter will be my law. I can only pray that I have the chance to hear the word."

"You will know before many hours are over, Mr. Jen-Seymour, I should say," said Colchester. "I suppose there is no longer any reason why you should keep to your assumed name."

"I am sure that I shall be glad to return to the one of which I am so proud, and which I have never disgraced," he added, as he drew himself up.

"Ah, boy, that will always be a bitter, bitter pill to swallow," said Sir Thomas, as he laid his hand affectionately upon the young man's shoulder.

"Let it pass, father. I will not mention it again, except to explain my position to Mr. Montague and his daughter, if I have the opportunity," he added, in a lower tone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

At daybreak the following morning a boat from the Culoden, Ralph Chambers, six men, besides the crew, and an old negro who had offered to act as guide, landed on the shore at a spot picked out by the latter.

"But a mile, perhaps less, to what der feller lives," he said, as he jumped over the side of the boat and knee deep in the water.

The remainder of the escort awaited them upon the shore, armed with clubs, machetes and various rather harmless weapons. The six blue-jackets, with their magazine rifles, were of more use than all the rest put together.

"I am ahead," said Ralph, "there is no time to lose, and off they started. The course was along a narrow brook, which came from the foothills above.

It was not long before the guide, who was marching at the head of the column, halted the party."

"It is not far now, Ma'r's," he said in a whisper to Ralph. "You send de niggers," he was as black as the ace of spades himself, "round 'roun' dis path," pointing to the back of a clump of palms.

An old negro, who had been sent to crawl up here," indicating an incline covered with tall ferns and small trees. "Top of dat little hill der house right in an open place, and up a little bit of a hill. We see der house an' der people fore dey see us."

He started ahead after the surrounding party had left, and Ralph, Chambers and the six sailors followed him.

They had progressed with extreme caution for about 200 feet, when the old man held up his hand as a warning, and then beckoned to Ralph to advance.

The young man came forward cautiously to where the negro stood.

The latter, getting down upon all fours, and motioning to Ralph to do likewise, moved forward once more very slowly.

Suddenly they were close to the edge of the undergrowth, and the guide again stopped and motioned his companion to come to his side.

"Dar's de house," he said, pointing through a screen of leaves.

Ralph's heart bounded in his breast, for there, seated in the shade of the

At the last meeting of Virginia Conclave of Hepatophages, seven members were initiated and thirty-two applications received. John P. Brown was elected delegate to the district convention and H. M. Ryer alternate. After the business session, the members enjoyed a smoker.

RESIGNS TO GO TO FIRST CHURCH

Mr. S. Glover Winter the popular organist of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, of this city, has tendered his resignation and has accepted the position of organist at the First Baptist Church, of Norfolk, where he will enter upon his new duties the first Sunday in September. This announcement will, no doubt, be regretted by the members of both churches, and conversation with whom Mr. Winter has served so faithfully for the past nine months.

TRILBY TRIPS TO THE SEASHORE EVERY SUNDAY.

Special Fast Vestibled train leaves Hynd-Street Station 8:30 A. M. for Cape Henry and Virginia Beach. Round-trip to Cape Henry and Virginia Beach. No change of cars between Richmond, Norfolk and Virginia Beach.

TAKE STEAMER POCAHONTAS

Saturday Night, August 15, 1903, at 10

Round trip to Norfolk..... 75c.
Round trip to Newport News..... 50c.
Children under 12 years..... 25c.
Tickets good to return Sunday night or following Tuesday.

TRILBY TRIPS TO THE SEASHORE EVERY SUNDAY.

\$1.00 round trip to Norfolk and Ocean View. Special Fast Vestibled Train leaves Hynd-Street Station at 8:30 A. M. Round-trip to Cape Henry and Virginia Beach. No change of cars between Richmond, Norfolk and Virginia Beach.

LYNCHBURG, \$2 ROUND TRIP ROANOKE, \$3 ROUND TRIP.

Via Norfolk & Western Railway, Tuesday, July 21, 1903.

The Norfolk and Western Railway will run a special excursion to Lynchburg, Roanoke, leaving Richmond at 12:30 noon, Roanoke, July 21st, and returning leave Roanoke 12:30 noon Friday